

ADDRESS

ON THE OCCASION OF

REMOVING THE REMAINS

OF

CAPTAINS WALKER AND GILLESPIE,

ON THE

TWENTY-FIRST OF APRIL, A. D. 1856.

BY JAMES C. WILSON.

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Published by a Committee of Citizens.

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Printed at the Office of The San Antonio Ledger,  
MILITARY SQUARE.



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SAN ANTONIO, April 22, 1856.

HON. J. C. WILSON,

Dear sir: Having heard your address delivered on the twenty-first, at the interment of Walker and Gillespie, and being highly pleased with it, would most respectfully solicit a copy for publication.

G. H. Nelson,	Henry L. Radaz,	J. Winnemore,
F. L. Paschal,	T. D. Stith,	James Dunn,
S. G. Newton,	C. F. King,	J. M. Carolan,
W. Tunstall,	Jno. D. McLeod,	T. E. Giraud,
J. L. Evans,	L. W. Stoy	

GENTLEMEN:

Your very kind note of this date has just been handed me, and I cheerfully comply with your request.

I am gratified to learn that my attempt to do justice to the memory of two of our best and bravest, met with the approval of their old comrades.

I was not without apprehension that an attempt to discriminate between the gallant gentlemen who were the subjects of the address might give offence; but I thought that lavish and indiscriminate eulogy, however easy to the speaker, and however sanctioned by custom, would be altogether out of place in addressing so many men who knew them both so well.

I can not refrain from availing myself of this opportunity to express my regret that I was not apprized that the sabre which lay upon the bier was that of the lamented Gillespie; the same which when he fell he handed to my friend G. H. Nelson, with the memorable words,

"Take it, Gouverneur, and lead the company. I am gone; but Monterey is ours!"

Neither the fact that the sword was his, nor the deeply interesting incident connected with it, was communicated to me till to-day.

I remain, gentlemen,

Very respectfully,

JAMES C. WILSON.

San Antonio, April 22, 1856.

To Jno. M. Carolan, T. E. Giraud, J. L. Evans, L. W. Stoy, G. H. Nelson,  
F. L. Paschal, S. G. Newton, W. Tunstall, Henry L. Radaz, T. D. Stith,  
C. F. King, John D. McLeod, J. Winnemore, James Dunn.



THE NEWSPAPER

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## ADDRESS.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We have met to participate in no unmeaning pageant, but for the performance of a solemn duty.

From the earliest ages of which any record or tradition has come down to us, men have in some manner observed the custom of doing honor to the distinguished dead.

Among some of the most polished, intellectual and powerful nations of antiquity, the warrior, who had rendered his name illustrious by his prowess and valor, the philosopher, inventor, or discoverer, who had added something valuable to the stock of knowledge, in a word, the sage or hero whose career in life had marked him as one worthy of posthumous honors; was after death classed with the Immortals, and either by his own name or under a title significant of that peculiar attribute in which he most excelled, became the object of veneration, and was worshipped as a God.

Indeed it is believed by some of the ripest scholars and most profound thinkers who have made antiquity their study, that the Grecian mythology, and the yet more ancient systems of Egypt, with their multiplied thousands of fabulous and poetical wonders, are for the most part but figurative and mystic records of remarkable individuals, and the good or evil which by their actions and influence, their inventions and discoveries, they entailed upon men.

At a later day, under the brighter light and clearer vision of Christianity, the same sentiment or instinct found vent and utterance in other channels.

The people no longer bent in adoration at their shrines, as gods, or sought to appease their anger or propitiate their favor, by offering up hecatombs of sacrificial victims upon

their altars. Yet, if they did not become the objects of homage, as saints, which was by no means uncommon, the distinguished, the great and good, were not forgotten when the grave had closed upon them, nor their memories suffered to pass away when they were no more seen upon the stage of human action.

The troubador, who sang of love and war, who chronicled, in flowing verse, the wisdom in council and the prowess in the field of the illustrious knight whom he had chosen for his patron, and who upon the burning plains of Palestine or amid the serried ranks of contending Christian forces, had borne his banner foremost in the fight.

The bard, whose harp or pipe accompanied the song which told in rude but manly strain the virtue, the wisdom and valor of his departed chief. These became the successors of the heathen priest, and like him ministered at the altar of the mighty dead.

Even as lately as the close of the last century and the beginning of this, every deed of daring was celebrated in songs, sung by grateful and admiring nations: every remarkable event furnished the theme for a national ballad.

No age of the world has been entirely free from the influence of that instinct or sentiment of our nature of which I am speaking, and which has been, by a quaint but forcible writer of our own day not inaptly designated "hero-worship;" nor are we, even in this age of mingled utilitarianism and self-sufficient vanity, entirely beyond its reach.

Even in this day, wrapped as we are in the solicitude of what we are pleased to term more important pursuits—the strife for acres and dollars!

Even in this day, when each man seems to stand insulated from his fellow-men by an encircling sea of selfishness, and scarcely one seems willing to admit to his own heart that another is greater or better than he.

Even in this day, when men in the plenitude of their arrogance will scarcely deign to bow the knee to the ever-living God, far less rear lofty temples to keep alive the memory of the noble dead:

Even in these "latter days of half-heartedness," I say, we feel that we are not entirely free from this influence; we acknowledge and obey its power impelling us to do honor to the brave and true, and within our hearts to consecrate a shrine to the memory of the heroic martyrs whose deeds



have won for us our priceless liberties, whose life-blood has sealed the great charter of our freedom.

Our assemblage to-day proves that we feel and act under this influence; that we are not too much engrossed with our private affairs to spare an hour to Patriotism at the call of Gratitude: not too deeply involved in the selfish struggle for personal advancement to devote a day to the memory of two of the best beloved, as they were among the most distinguished of the defenders of Texas.

And this is as it ought to be. May we, nor our children, nor their children, to the end of time, never see the day come when patriotism shall fail to be appreciated, when to have deeply loved and bravely served our country, through life and in death, shall confer no distinction, elicit no grateful praise; when manly hearts shall fail to throb with high and holy ardor at the recital of gallant deeds, and beauty's eye shall have no tear to shed upon the tomb of valor.

The history of a nation is but the record of the acts of its people, and the brightest pages in history are illumined by the recital of glorious deeds. It is the name of the patriot that hallows history; it is the fame of the hero that, beaming through its pages, pierces through the gloom of centuries, and enables us by these bright lights of the past to read hope in the future.

Honor, all honor, to the departed patriot! Hallowed be the memory of the fallen hero! Let nations rejoice in their fame, as nations have been blessed by their valor. We bedew their ashes with our tears; but we rejoice in their glory, we exult in their untarnished fame.

"There is a tear for all who die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And triumph weeps above the brave.

"For them is Sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent;  
In vain their bones unburied lie—  
All Earth becomes their monument.

"A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue:  
The present hour, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong,

"A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot?  
Who would not die the death they chose?"

We have met to remove the mortal remains of Sam Walker and Ad. Gillespie, from the spot to which they were a few years ago committed, to one more suitable for their resting-place. It is truly gratifying that their ashes are not to be sundered. At one time, some apprehension was felt that this would be proposed; but permit me to say, it was an apprehension in which I did not participate. I knew that the highly philanthropic and estimable Order, under whose auspices this solemn ceremony is conducted, would permit the ashes of their distinguished and lamented brother to remain where the hands of his comrades had laid them, rather than attempt to separate them from the mouldering dust of him whom in life he chose as one of his dearest friends, and in the solemn hour of his heroic death, selected to be his partner in the grave.

I knew that although Gillespie was not an Odd-fellow, and under ordinary circumstances might not be entitled to interment in their cemetery, yet neither the Order, nor the citizens of San Antonio, nor the people of Texas, would entertain the thought of disregarding the last wish of him who was dear alike to them all.

"I am dying boys, you can do nothing for me now; I'll never see Texas again: Carry me back to San Antonio, and bury me with Ad. Gillespie."

These have been generally received as the latest words uttered by the lamented Walker; but I have just received a note from a gentleman who was by him when he fell, from which I learn that just as the spirit took its flight, and his eye glazed in death, his parting words were—

"I am gone, boys. Never surrender! Never surrender! Hand me my six-shooter!"

And so took its flight from the tenement of clay which it had honored as its dwelling-place, as brave and true a soul as ever dwelt in human breast. The words may not be deemed very poetical, but they are highly characteristic, and from my knowledge of the man, even had I received them from a less reliable source, I should pronounce them genuine.

But whether or not the request that he might be buried with his gallant comrade was the last words he uttered, it is certainly known and undeniably true that he did express that wish, both in the moment of his departure and long

before: and to know that such was his desire is sufficient to insure its fulfilment.

Happy! happy! happy young men! Ye fell in the flower of your youth, yet we who knew and loved you, though we wept your loss could not regret the manner of your death. Distinguished in life, glorious in death! Ye lived long enough to earn a spotless and enduring fame, and to sun yourselves in its bright beams for a season, and died as ye wished to die, in the front of your country's battles, and in the arms of victory. "Lovely were ye in your lives, and in death ye are not divided."

One grave shall contain your ashes, one monumental tablet record your names, one page in history be hallowed and glorified by your short and thrilling story: and should the place of your repose be forgotten, should the monumental stones which mark the spot crumble into undistinguishable dust, your memories shall never fade; but with Milam and Travis, Crockett and Bowie, and Bonham, and Fannin, and Karnes, and Cameron, and Brenham, and Burleson, and all the band of Texian worthies whose names shed lustre upon every page of our early history, you shall hold, in the grateful hearts of the fair and brave,

"A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of Time,  
And rasure of Oblivion."

The friendship which united these two young men was one of their many remarkable peculiarities. Equally brave, both young, both famous; continually thrown together amid scenes well calculated to kindle feelings of rivalry, ordinary men would have become jealous of each other, and personal animosity, or at least unkind feeling resulted; but up to the hour when Gillespie fell, their strong friendship was unbroken: and when afterward, at Huamantla, Walker breathed his last, the name of his beloved comrade was almost the last sound upon his dying lips.

When it was proposed to perform the duty in which we are now engaged, the second of March was designated as the day to be set apart for these obsequies; and certainly no day could be more appropriate to the occasion. It was the anniversary of the day when, twenty years ago, the people of a remote and insignificant province of Mexico published to the world a declaration of the wrongs they had sustained;

the oppressions they had borne; the promises that had been broken; the solemn guarantees that had been violated; together with the announcement that they—the few thousand inhabitants of that province, were, and of right ought to be, and by the help of the God of battles would be, a free, sovereign, and independent nation.

It was the anniversary of that day when the Declaration of Texian Independence was signed; when a new and lofty temple was dedicated to Liberty; when the flag of a new nation,—even our own loved flag, the Lone-star Flag, the glory of our youthful hearts, the cynosure of our eyes,—was given to the breeze. Ever-honored be that flag! Ever consecrated be the memory of that proud, that stainless banner!

Of the men who bore that banner on to victory and empire, who maintained its waving folds aloft despite of every adverse element, and above the dark and sulphurous clouds of battle held up to the delighted gaze of freedom's votaries through all the earth its brightly beamtng star, which shone with a more radiant ray through the clouds designed to obscure it:

Of the men who rendered that banner glorious, who with high-hearted heroism made it triumphant over every foe; and when gloom and despondency settled around it, rallied to its defence with new and redoubled ardor, and of their bosoms made a bulwark to shield it from disaster:

Of the men who made Texas an empire, and through a nine years' war sustained her nationality and her honor, many,—alas! how many!—have passed away: but in the hearts of the few who remain, how sacred are the memories of those times!—how holy a relic of those days of glory is that dear and honored old flag!

What fervent love, what close and pure, and more than brotherly affection mingle with our veneration for the departed heroes of our struggle, and our regrets for the loss of the comrades who have gone before us, to the goal whither all are bound, and whose high and happy lot it was to die for their country.

The day would have been indeed appropriate, for it was the anniversary of that day when, twenty years ago, a handful of men, without military organization, without money or credit, without a navy, or forts or arsenals, or those secure mountain fastnesses which, in other lands, have served as strongholds for struggling freedom—without farther aid from

nature or art than was found in the justice of their cause and their own true hearts and trusty rifles, threw down the gauntlet to a nation numbering eight millions of people; a nation having large standing armies, rich in gold and silver, and in all the means of organizing and maintaining a formidable war; and, in the name of God and Liberty, defied them to the conflict: the issue to be, freedom or destruction to the challengers and all they held most dear on earth.

Once before, and only once, the world had witnessed such a scene. On the fourth of July, 1776, a similar challenge had been given. It is needless, now, to dwell upon the results in either case, so far as yet developed, we are enjoying them.

What the future results shall be, no prophetic "adumbrations of the coming time" has yet disclosed to mortal eye: but to the patriot heart the hope is given, that they shall end only when the tide of time shall have poured its last wave into the ocean of eternity: that they shall never cease their widening and resistless course, till upon the face of this green earth which God has given us to inhabit, no nation shall pine beneath a tyrant's sway—no despot find a dwelling-place. Honor to the men of the fourth of July! Honor to the men of the second of March!

But though the anniversary of Texian freedom would have been an appropriate day on which to have performed these solemn rites, in honor of two of that freedom's most illustrious defenders, yet it was not the only appropriate day. Happily, Texas is rich in the anniversaries of great events and gallant achievements; and this is also a high national festival—a glorious anniversary!

On this day, twenty years ago, was fought the most important and decisive battle of our Revolution; a battle which has become one of the great facts in the history of human freedom; a battle which, contrasting the feebleness of the means by which victory was achieved with the magnitude of the results which it produced, stands without parallel in history.

Fannin and his gallant comrades, deceived, betrayed, entrapped, had been murdered in cold blood. The Alamo had fallen, and one hundred martyrs more had been added to the list of heroes. The Republic was robed in mourning; the families had retreated fast and far before the blood-stained march of the conquering and ruthless enemy.

Helpless and delicate woman, tender infancy and decrepit age, together hurried from the devoted land; for the pitiless, the unsparing, the hitherto unchecked invader, was rapidly advancing, breathing threats of ruin and slaughter, which no one doubted he would, if victorious, carry into full and direful consummation.

Of those who had met him in arms, some, resisting with a valor and heroism such as Sparta never bred, had been overwhelmed by numbers, and died fighting, each single-handed against a host; each surrounded by a circle of foes slain with his own hand; others he had beguiled into a capitulation under the most solemn pledges for their safety and honorable treatment, and having won their confidence, disarmed, imprisoned, and foully murdered. The tyrant smiled upon them, and they died.

Fannin's butchery, and the fall of the Alamo, had depopulated Western Texas: the main army of Texas hastened to meet the tyrant, and on the Guadalupe his march of devastation would be stayed. Alas, no! He has passed the Guadalupe, and his path into the interior is marked by burning villages.

But now the army of Texas, reinforced to the utmost strength that can be hoped for, and burning with ardor to meet the enemy, has encamped upon the Colorado, determined that beyond that stream he shall not pass; there they impatiently await his coming.

Again the defenders of freedom retreat, and now many who had thrown themselves between their families and the enemy, are forced to quit the army and hasten to bear their wives and little ones beyond the reach of the advancing legions whose leader has sworn that he will be the Atilla of Texas, that where his horse's hoof indents the soil no grass shall ever grow; that he will sow their villages with salt, dedicate their country to desolation, and extirpate the whole rebellious race. The cruel threat has been heard, and registered in many a heart, "that he will subjugate the revolted province, though to effect it he must set his armed heel upon the breast of beauty, and bathe his charger's hoofs in the blood of blue-eyed infants." Let him beware! Let him beware, that they whom he has devoted and doomed may not yet sit in council upon his fate; that they who now retreat before him may not soon "mock at his calamity, and laugh when his fear cometh."



Upon the Brazos, another halt is made by our army, which has been thus far most reluctantly retreating; and again the order to retreat yet farther falls, like ice, upon every ardent heart. And now Texas, to the Trinity, is again a wilderness; desolation reigns, and sorrow broods over the devoted land.

When, oh! when, shall the devastating march of the destroyer be stayed? When shall the gallant men who yet cling to the hopeless cause of Texas, and whose bosoms burn with ardor for the conflict, be permitted to hurl themselves upon the foe?

The day has come.

Outnumbered by fearful odds, with every disadvantage against them, stands the handful of men who must vanquish yon proud and hitherto victorious host and their haughty leader, or fall upon that plain: fall with their flag—fall with the nationality of Texas; for they must fight, to-day, for life, for liberty, for hearth and home. Defeat is ruin! There is, there can be, but one issue: They must conquer or die. Texas has no other army! Defeated now, she must cease to be.

And they will conquer. They feel, they have ever felt, that they could vanquish, if permitted to meet the enemy. They *will* meet him now, no earthly power shall longer hold them back; and should disaster befall them, should they fail to conquer, they know that they can die: the men of the Alamo have taught them that.

The sun, which arose on the twenty-first of April, 1836, looked down upon a young and feeble nation, disheartened, almost desolated, nearly depopulated, by an apparently resistless foe. That morning her fate seemed desperate, indeed, destruction had gathered its gloomy and threatening clouds around and above her, dark, ominous, impending. But the setting of that sun saw a nation emancipated, exultant, established; her enemies broken in pieces like a potter's vessel, the dark clouds rolled back, and hope and joy brightly beaming where lately all was gloom. The vaunting oppressor, the self-styled Napoleon, a fugitive skulking in the tall grass of the prairie, from the keen search of his conquerors; soon to grace their triumph as a captive at their chariot wheel, a proud trophy of their valor and success. Well may the day of San Jacinto be a marked and holy day in our

calendar, well may we hold it as a day of high festival and jubilant joy.

The day is worthy the occasion; the occasion not unworthy of the day.

I would not eulogize the gallant gentlemen whose ashes lie before us at the expense of others, whether alive or dead, who were equally devoted, equally gallant, equally meritorious. Their fame does not require it. Men as true and brave as they have died for Texas. Men as true and brave as they, doubtless, yet remain among the comrades who survive them; but to speak of the living were unpardonable flattery, and we are not now instituting comparisons between these gallant men and other departed heroes of our struggle.

It is enough to say, and say with truth, that among the bravest none was braver, among the most patriotic none was more devoted; that among our frontiers'-men, where high courage was scarcely a distinguishing characteristic, they were held to be pre-eminently brave.

I have said that they were equally brave, and this is true; yet, as between objects equally beautiful, there may be a very perceptible difference in the style of beauty, so in the style or character of their valor, there was much to distinguish one from the other.

Were I to attempt a comparison between them, I might think that Gillespie was more universally a favorite with his comrades, while Walker was more devotedly loved by the few friends who thoroughly knew him, though both were highly esteemed and respected by all their associates, and most highly by those who knew them best.

That while in ordinary service Gillespie was ever ready, cheerful and vigilant; ever equally the cheerful comrade and gallant soldier: Walker in ordinary service seemed quite an ordinary man; retiring, silent, mild, apathetic, and rather melancholly, performing his duties merely from a sense of duty, and not that he delighted in them; yet never failing to perform them well.

In action, each was worthy of his fame. Gillespie was all that is implied in the character of a gallant gentleman and an experienced and distinguished frontiers'-man. Never failing, never faltering; true to his duty as the needle to the north; calm, collected, fearless. a noble specimen of the high-souled, gallant Texas Ranger. Walker was rapid, un-



tiring, terrible. Like Cameron he seemed to change his whole character and appearance, and arise a new being, entirely superior to himself. Gillespie was brave. Walker had no sense of fear. Gillespie did not shun danger, however appalling, when it came in the line of duty. Walker seemed to seek danger; to love it for itself.

Gillespie would probably lose fewer men in a campaign. Walker would do many things which perhaps neither Gillespie nor any other leader in Texas, save himself, would attempt.

In a sudden emergency, surrounded by unforeseen and appalling difficulties and dangers, Gillespie was a brave man and a good soldier; Walker was a hero.

These are merely my own opinions as to the peculiar cast of courage which these justly celebrated young men respectively manifested in the trying times in which they won their fame; others, more competent to form an accurate judgment, may think that I am mistaken. This is of little consequence; either of them is placed far above detraction, and to neither of them can the partial judgment of a friend add a single laurel. Their wreathes are full.

Perhaps no higher praise can be conferred upon their soldiership than this, that among the gallant gentlemen who composed Hays' old company,—than whom the sun never lighted a nobler band the way to victory,—they were recognized as leading spirits. Among the Old Rangers, whose equals no land has ever yet produced, none ever questioned their chivalry or denied to them as high a meed of praise as Ambition itself could crave. This their old comrades well know to be true. And none need ever hope to win a prouder patent of nobility than such an approval by such men.

I have thus far spoken of them only as soldiers, but they lose nothing of our admiration when we turn to the examination of their private character.

My acquaintance with Captain Gillespie was limited, and of him I can say little as of personal knowledge; but all who knew him concur in this, that he was amiable, modest, kind and true, as he was brave; and never in any situation forfeited his high claim to the character of an estimable citizen and a gentleman.

It would afford me great gratification to speak more at length of his merits and virtues in private life, and from all

I have ever heard or known of him, I doubt not but his memory merits all that could be said in his praise; but one who accepts such a position as I at this moment occupy, should feel that in speaking of such a man he is rehearsing history, and must therefore confine himself to facts of which he has knowledge or proof.

With Walker it was my happiness to be long and intimately acquainted, and to the excellence of his private character, the goodness of his heart, and the pure simplicity of his life, it affords me great pleasure to give my humble testimony.

Were I to indulge in an attempt to give vent to my feelings I would weary your patience, yet fail to express a tythe of the love I bore him in life or my veneration for his memory. Suffice it to say, that I have known him in almost every situation in which men are ever placed; in freedom and in chains, in health and in sickness, in suffering and in joy, in plenty and in want; often in deadly peril; frantic from thirst; at the point of death from hunger and exhaustion, and in the security, abundance and comfort of private life. Known him intimately. Known him for years, and never knew a purer, a gentler or a truer *man*.

Sensitive and retiring to a fault, modest and pure-minded as a young girl, full of sympathy and compassion for the distressed; liberal, generous, and devoted to his friends, and cherishing enmity only toward the enemies of his country. His was not that swashing valor which exhibits itself in street-fights or pot-house battles, or disturbs the quiet of private life, and—hear it, young men!—long and intimately as I knew him, I never saw him drink even a glass of wine, and never heard an oath escape his lips.

If he had any one characteristic on which I could fix as particularly prominent, it was the ardent, the enthusiastic love he bore to the country of his adoption: he loved the land of his birth,—the United States,—like a patriot, and valued her free and liberal institutions like a true republican and a man of sense, as he was; but Texas,—the Texas for which he had suffered,—was inexpressibly dear to him.

Not Marathon and Thermopylæ were dearer to the captive Greek, whose only solace and delight were found in the memory of his beloved Greece and her resplendent glories; not dearer to the youthful lover is the object of his heart's

devotion; not purer and holier the mother's love for the babe that hangs upon her bosom.

His was the exalted, unselfish, and all-engrossing love of country, of which we read in ancient history, and which now we seldom see; but which I do most sincerely believe existed to a greater extent among the young men who suffered and bled for Texas than any one who did not witness it,—aye, and participate in it,—can possibly realize; and in none was this more strikingly manifested than in Samuel H. Walker.

In a few minutes more, his ashes and those of his companion in glory and the grave, will be committed to the tomb, no more to be disturbed till that great day when bone shall seek its bone, and all flesh shall arise to meet the Judge of the whole earth, when the mortal shall put on immortality, and Death himself shall die.

The spot that contains them will be hallowed ground; and when we, who have met to-day to pay these funereal honors, shall have passed away, and even our names are forgotten, the youths and maidens of succeeding generations shall visit their tomb, where the young men shall renew the fires of patriotism in their hearts, by recalling the deeds of the twins in glory who sleep beneath the sod, and the maidens shall dew with their tears the flowers that bloom around their resting-place.

Sweet be their sleep in the bosom of the land they loved! May the purest dew that Heaven distils keep green the grass above them, and the brightest flowers of their beloved prairies blossom around their grave.

They rest in classic ground, where the mould is rich with the blood of the brave; where the storm-wind, moaning around the walls of the Alamo, peals the dirge of the gallant dead, and the free summer breeze from their own loved prairies, sweeping nightly around their grave, shall sweetly sing their requiem.

I cannot otherwise so appropriately close these remarks as in the words of one of our most gifted citizens, written, and kindly furnished me, for this occasion:

"The din of war, the clang of arms, is o'er,  
The heroes to their sounds shall wake no more.  
Calm be their rest—the gallant, early dead,  
Nor o'er their grave let Sorrow's tear be shed.

Mid battle's thunders, in a hostile land,  
Each fell, the leader of a patriot band;  
Each fell, beneath the flag he loved so well,  
And Victory echoed round him as he fell.

No other death the warriors wished to know;  
Around them, victory—in front, the foe.  
Such the reward that youthful heroes crave;  
Their country's triumph, and a soldier's grave.

In life, in death, each won a deathless name;  
A nation's love perpetuates their fame:  
These monumental marbles will decay,  
But their renown shall never pass away.

Then bring the laurel, sacred to the brave,  
Bright flowers and evergreens to deck their grave:  
Emblems of Hope and Triumph—none of gloom,  
Twine ye in wreaths to hang upon their tomb."



